

# BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

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## The Old Minstrel.

And once again my trembling fingers  
Sweep o'er thy strings, harmonious lyre!  
Though hidden, yet within thee lingers  
A portion of thine olden fire.  
That waked in Youth the soft desire,  
In Manhood roused the earnest soul,  
And trembling Age soothed on its darkening goal.  
O'er my pale brow Time's snowy wreath  
In silvering folds is gently thrown;  
And o'er my path, around, beneath,  
The ashes of my joy are strown:  
Yet comes to me the rapturous tone  
Which issued from thy strings of old,  
The songs of Youth—the sacred strains of Home.  
Back from the verge of future Time  
Mine old eyes gaze with filling tears;  
'Tis not that I no more shall climb  
The flowery hills of Manhood's years,  
Nor that I shake with hidden fears;  
But oh! the forms, the scenes, I see  
Moving along thy hall's, fond Memory!

Come up, ye wandering shadows, come!  
Your faded tints around me fold;  
It cheers this old heart in its gloom  
Your time worn fingers to behold;  
Again my lyre, though strange and old,  
Wakes to thy once mysterious power,  
And soothe my earnest spirit for an hour!  
Sing of the youth that filled my veins,  
When first Love touched my trembling breast;  
Bring back the vales, the woods, the plains,  
The laughing stream, the cottage blest;  
The loved who watched my infant rest,—  
The father good with precept wise,  
The mother pure with Heaven enshrouded eyes.  
And oh! bring back with power divine,  
That smiled on once my gentle hand  
Once lay so fondly clasped in mine,  
The angel of the holy band;  
Fairest that bounteous Heaven e'er planned,  
To soothe our weary pathway here,  
Or guide the soul to its untainted sphere.

Now strike a louder, bolder strain;  
Bring me the trophies I have won  
In many a strife of awe and pain,  
When first my weary race began,—  
When highest rolled my manhood's sun.  
Ah! dust and ashes! bear them hence,  
Too small for thought—too foul for innocence!  
Bring me the good deeds I have done,—  
The sorrows checked, the dried up tears;  
Ah! few, yet bright as Heaven's bright sun,  
The jewels of my gathered years,  
I'll bind them, yet with anxious fears  
Around this old heart as I go,—  
They cannot give me cheek a crimson glow.  
If I have suffered wo and pain,  
And felt the blight of evil men,  
Touch lightly on the saddening strain,  
It cannot wound my heart again:  
Forgetful of the evil, when  
Memory's fondest joys recall,  
I smile to think how harmless was the gall!

In vain thy saddened task is o'er:  
Sleep, songless with thy weight of tears;  
A few brief days, and then no more  
Thy sound shall pierce the gathering years;  
Yet e'er as life its darkness nears  
Will fond Remembrance gently bring  
The holy tones that blest thy songless string!

## THREE WAYS OF MANAGING A HUSBAND.

To those who have never tried the ex-  
periment, the management of a husband  
may seem a very easy matter. I thought  
so once, but a few years hard experience  
has compelled me to change my mind. When  
I married Mr. Smith, which was about  
ten years ago, I was not altogether blind  
to his faults and peculiarities; but then he  
had so many solid virtues that these were  
viewed as minor considerations. Besides,  
I flattered myself that it would be the  
easiest thing in the world to correct what  
was not exactly to my taste. It is no mat-  
ter of especial wonder that I should have  
erred in this, for Mr. Smith, while a lover,  
really appeared to have no will of his own,  
and no thought of himself. It was only  
necessary for me to express a wish, and it  
was gratified.

I soon found, much to my disappoint-  
ment, that there is a marked difference be-  
tween a husband and a lover; it was at  
least so in the case of Mr. Smith, and ob-  
servation, since I have had my eyes open,  
satisfies me that it is so in most cases. I  
must own, in justice to all parties, how-  
ever, that this difference is made more ap-  
parent by a want of knowledge, on the  
other side, in regard to the difference be-  
tween the relation of a wife and a sweet-  
heart—between the wooed and won.

There were a good many little things  
in Mr. Smith which I had noticed before  
marriage, that I made up my mind to cor-  
rect as soon as I had an opportunity to  
apply the proper means. He had a fash-  
ion of saying "Miss" for "Mrs." as "Miss  
Jones" and "Miss Peters" for "Mrs. Jones"  
and "Mrs. Peters." This sounded exceed-  
ingly vulgar to my ears, and I waited  
almost impatiently for the time to come  
when I could use the prerogative of a wife  
for its correction. He had an ungraceful  
way of lounging in his chair and half re-  
clining on the sofa, even in company, that  
was terrible. It made me uneasy from  
head to foot. Then he said, "I show it to  
him" for "I showed it to him,"—"often" for  
"often"—and "obliged" for "obliged." Be-  
sides these there were sundry other things

that worried me not a little. But I con-  
soled myself with the reflection that when  
I became Mrs. Smith all these little matters  
would vanish like frost in the sunshine. I  
was, also, doomed to be mistaken; but let  
me give my experience for the benefit of  
those who are to come after me.

We had been married just ten days,  
and I had begun to feel that I was really  
a wife, and had a right to say and do a  
little as I pleased, when Mr. Smith said  
to me as we sat quite lover-like on the  
sofa in the evening:

"I met Miss Williams as I came home  
this evening."

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Smith! don't say  
Miss when you speak of a married wo-  
man. It is excessively vulgar." I was  
not aware that I had spoken in a very of-  
fensive way, but I noticed an instant  
change in Mr. Smith. He replied with  
some dignity of tone and manner.

"I ask your pardon, madam; but I didn't  
say Miss. I am not quite so ignorant as  
all that comes to."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Smith, but you did say it,"  
I replied, quite astonished at this un-  
expected denial.

"Excuse me for saying that you are in  
error," he returned, drawing himself up.  
I never say Miss for Mrs."

"Why Mr. Smith! You always say it. I  
have noticed it a hundred times. I be-  
lieve I can hear pretty correctly."

"In this instance you certainly have not,"  
Mr. Smith was growing warm, and I  
felt the blood rushing to my face. A rather  
tart reply was on my lips, but I bit them  
hard and succeeded in keeping them closed.

A deep silence followed. In a little  
while Mr. Smith took up a newspaper and  
commenced reading, and I found some re-  
lief for a heavy pressure that was upon  
my bosom, in the employment of them  
stitching a fine pocket-handkerchief.

And this was the return I had met for a  
kind attempt to correct a mistake of my  
husband's that made him liable to ridicule  
on the charge of vulgarity! And to deny,  
too, that he had said "Miss" when I had  
been worried about it for more than a year.  
It was too bad!

After this Mr. Smith was very particular  
in saying, when he spoke of a married  
woman to me, "Misses." The emphasis  
on the second syllable was much too strongly  
marked to be pleasant to my ears. I was  
terribly afraid he would say "Misses,"  
thus going off into the opposite extreme of  
vulgarity.

This first attempt to put my husband  
straight had certainly not been a very  
pleasant one. He had shown, unexpectedly  
to me, a humor that could by no means be  
called amiable; and by which I was both  
grieved and astonished. I made up my  
mind that I would be very careful in fu-  
ture how I tried my hand at reforming  
him. But his old repeated "he show it to  
me," and "obliged," soon fretted me so  
sorely that I was forced to come down  
upon him again, which I did at a time  
when I felt more than usually annoyed. I  
cannot remember now precisely what I  
said to him, but I know that I put him into  
an ill-humor, and that it was cloudy weather  
in the house for a week, although the sun  
shone brightly enough out of doors. His  
"show it to me," and "obliged," were, how-  
ever, among the things that had been after  
that. So much was gained; although there  
were times when I half suspected that I  
had lost more than I had gained. But I  
persevered, and, every now and then, when  
I got "worked up" about something, ad-  
ministered the rod of correction.

Gradually I could see that my husband  
was changing, and, as I felt, for the worse.  
Scarcely a year had passed before he would  
get into a pet if I said the least word to  
him. He couldn't bear anything from me.  
This seemed very unreasonable, and caused  
me not only to sigh, but to shed many a  
tear over his perverseness. From the  
thoughtful, ever considerate, self-sacrificing  
lover, he had come to be disregarding of  
my wishes, careless of my comfort, and  
indifferent to my society. Still I felt by no  
means disposed to give him up; was by no  
means inclined to let him have his own way.  
It was clear to my mind that I had rights  
as well as he had; and I possessed resolu-  
tion enough to be ready to maintain them.  
His self-will and indifference to my wishes  
roused in me a bitter and contentious spirit;  
and, in an evil hour, I determined that I  
would have a struggle for the mastery.  
An opportunity was not long delayed.  
The Philharmonic Society had announced  
one of its splendid concerts. A lady friend,  
who had frequently attended these con-  
certs, called in to see me, and, by what she  
said, filled me with a desire to enjoy the  
fine musical treat that had been announced  
for that evening.

When Mr. Smith came home to dinner  
he said, before I had time to mention the  
concert—

"Mary, I've taken a fancy to go and see  
Fanny Ellsler to-night, and as there will be  
no chance of getting a good seat this after-  
noon, I took the precaution to secure tickets  
as I came home to dinner. I would have  
sent the porter with a note to know  
whether there was any anything to prevent  
your going to-night, but he has been out all  
the morning, and I concluded that, even if  
there should be some slight impediment in  
the way, you could easily set it aside."

Now this I thought too much. To go  
and buy tickets to see Fanny Ellsler dance,  
and take it for granted that I would lay  
everything aside to go, when I had set my  
heart on attending the Philharmonic Con-  
cert!

"You are a strange man, Mr. Smith," I  
said. "You ought to know that I don't  
care a fig about seeing Fanny Ellsler. I  
don't relish such kind of performances."

You at least might have waited until you  
came home to dinner and asked the ques-  
tion. I don't believe a word about the  
good seats all being taken this morning.  
But it's just like you! To go and see this  
dancer toss her feet about was a thing you  
had made up your mind to do, and I was  
to go along whether I liked it or not."

"You talk in rather a strange way, Mrs.  
Smith," said my husband evidently offend-  
ed.

"I don't see that I do," replied I, warn-  
ing. "The fact is, Mr. Smith, you seem  
to take it for granted that I am nobody.  
Here I've been making all my calculations  
to go to the Philharmonic to-night, and you  
come home with tickets for the theatre. But  
I can tell you plainly that I am not  
going to see Fanny Ellsler, and that I am  
going to the Philharmonic."

This was taking a stand that I had nev-  
er taken before. In most of my efforts to  
make my husband go my way, he had suc-  
ceeded in making me go his way. This  
always chafed me dreadfully. I fretted  
and scolded, and "all that sort of thing," but  
it was no use. I could not manage him.  
The direct issue of "I won't" and "I will"  
had not yet been made, and I was some-  
time in coming to the resolution to have  
a struggle, fiercer than ever, for the ascen-  
dancy. I fondly believed that for peace  
sake he would not stand firm if he saw  
me resolute. Under this view of the case  
I made the open avowal that I would  
not go to the theatre. I expected that a  
scene would follow, but I was mistaken.

Mr. Smith did, indeed, open his eyes a  
little wider, but he said nothing.

Just then the bell announced that dinner  
was on the table. Mr. Smith arose, and  
led the way to the dinner-room with a  
firm step. Before we were married he  
wouldn't have dreamed of thus preceding  
me! I was fretted at this little act. It in-  
dicated too plainly what was in the man.

Dinner passed in silence. I forced my-  
self to eat that I might appear unconcerned.  
On rising from the table, Mr. Smith left  
the house without saying a word.

You may suppose I didn't feel very com-  
fortable during the afternoon. I had taken  
my stand, and my intention was to main-  
tain it to the last. That Mr. Smith would  
yield I had no doubt at first. But as even-  
ing approached, and the trial-time drew  
near, I had some misgivings.

Mr. Smith came home early.

"Mary," he said, in his usual pleasant  
way, "I have ordered a carriage to be here  
at half past seven. We mustn't leave  
home later, as the curtain rises at eight."

"What curtain rises? Where do you  
think of going?"

"To see Fanny Ellsler of course. I men-  
tioned to you at dinner time that I had  
tickets."

"This was said very calmly."

"And I told you at dinner time that I  
was going to the Philharmonic and not to  
see this dancer." I tried to appear as com-  
posed as he was, but failed in the attempt  
altogether.

"You were aware that I had tickets for  
the theatre before you said that," was the  
cold answer he made.

"Of course I was."

"Very well, Mary. You can do as you  
like.—The carriage will be here at half  
past seven. If you are then ready to go to  
the theatre, I shall be happy to have your  
company." And my husband, after say-  
ing this with a most unflinching manner,  
politely bowed and retired to the parlor.

I was on fire. But I had no thought of  
yielding.

At half past seven I was ready. I heard  
the carriage drive up to the door and the  
bell ring.

"Mary," called my husband at the bot-  
tom of the stair-case, in a cheerful tone,  
"are you ready?"

"Ready to go where?" I asked on de-  
cending.

"To the theatre."

"I am ready for the concert," I an-  
swered in as composed a voice as I could  
assume.

"I am not going to the concert to-night,  
Mrs. Smith. I thought you understood  
that," firmly replied my husband. "I am  
going to see Fanny Ellsler. If you will  
go with me, I shall be very happy to have  
your company. If not I must go alone."

"And I am going to the Philharmonic,"  
I thought you understood that," I replied,  
with equal resolution.

"Oh! very well," he said, not seeming  
to be at all disturbed. "Then you can use  
the carriage at the door. I will walk to  
the theatre."

Saying this, Mr. Smith turned from me  
deliberately and walked away. I heard  
him tell the driver of the carriage to take  
me to the Musical Fund Hall; then I heard  
the street door close, and I heard my hus-  
band's footsteps on the pavement as he left  
the house. Without hesitating a moment  
for reflection, I followed to the door, en-  
tered the carriage, and ordered the man to  
drive me—where? I had no ticket for the  
concert; nor could I go alone!

"To the Musical Fund Hall, I believe,  
madam," he said, standing with his fingers  
touching the rim of his hat.

I tried to think what I should do. To  
be conquered was hard. And it was clear  
that I could not go alone.

"No," I replied, grasping hold of the  
first suggestion that came to my mind.  
"Drive me to No. — Walnut street."

I had directed him to the house of my  
sister, where I thought I would stay until  
after eleven o'clock, and then return home,  
leaving my husband to infer that I had  
been to the concert. But long before I  
had reached my sister's house I felt so mis-  
erable that I deemed it best to call out of  
the window to the driver, and direct him

to return. On arriving at home, some  
twenty minutes after I had left it, I went  
up to my chamber, and there had a hearty  
crying spell to myself. I don't know that  
I ever felt so bad before in my life. I  
had utterly failed in this last vigorous con-  
test with my husband, who had come off  
perfectly victorious. Many bitter things  
did I write against him in my heart, and  
largely did I magnify his faults. I believe  
I thought over everything that occurred  
since we were married, and selected there-  
from whatever could justify the conclu-  
sion that he was a self-willed, overbearing,  
unfeeling man, and did not entertain for  
me a particle of affection.

It was clear that I had not been able to  
manage my spouse; determined as I had  
been to correct all his faults, and make  
him one of the best, most conciliating, and  
loving of husbands, with whom my wish  
would be law. Still I could not think of  
giving up. The thought of being reduced to  
a tame, submissive wife, who could  
hardly call her soul her own, was not for  
a moment to be entertained. On reflec-  
tion it occurred to me that I had, proba-  
bly, taken the wrong method with my  
husband. There was a touch of stubborn-  
ness in his nature that had arrayed itself  
against my too earnest efforts to bend him  
to my will. A better way occurred. I  
had heard it said by some one, or had  
read it somewhere, that no man was proof  
against a woman's tears.

On the present occasion I certainly felt  
much more like crying than laughing, and  
so it was no hard matter, I can honestly  
aver, to appear bathed in tears on my  
husband's return between eleven and twelve  
o'clock from the theatre. I cried from  
exhaustion as much as from any other feel-  
ing.

When Mr. Smith came up into the  
chamber where I lay, I greeted his pres-  
ence with half a dozen running sobs, which  
he answered by whispering the "Cræco-  
viennel." I continued to sob, and he con-  
tinued to whistle for the next ten minutes.  
By that time he was ready to get into bed,  
which he did quite leisurely, and laid him-  
self down upon his pillow with an expres-  
sion of satisfaction. Still I sobbed on,  
thinking that every sighing breath I drew,  
was, in spite of his seeming indifference,  
a pang to his heart. But from this fond  
delusion, a heavily drawn breath, that was  
almost a snore, aroused me. I raised up  
and looked over at the man—he was sound  
asleep!

A good, hearty cry to myself was all  
the satisfaction I had, and then I went to  
sleep. On the next morning I met Mr.  
Smith at the breakfast table with red eyes  
and a sad countenance. But he did not  
seem to notice either.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself at the  
concert last night," he said. "I was de-  
lighted at the theatre. Fanny danced di-  
vinely. Her's is truly the prettiest mo-  
tion."

Now this was too much! I will leave  
it to any reader—any female reader, I  
mean—whether this was not too much. I  
burst into a flood of tears and immediately  
withdrew, leaving my husband to eat his  
breakfast alone. He sat the usual time,  
which provoked me exceedingly. If he  
had jumped up from the table and left the  
house I would have felt that I had made  
some impression upon him. But to make  
things in this calm way! What had I  
gained? Nothing as I could see. After  
breakfast Mr. Smith came up to the cham-  
ber, and seeing my face buried in a pillow  
weeping bitterly—I had increased the flow  
of tears on hearing him ascending the  
stairs—said in a low voice—

"Are you not well, Mary?"

I made no answer, but continued to  
weep. Mr. Smith stood for the space of  
about a minute, but asked no further ques-  
tion. Then, without uttering a word, he  
retired from the chamber, and in a little  
while after I heard him leave the house.

I cried now in good earnest. It was plain  
that my husband had no feeling; that he did  
not care whether I was pleased or sad.  
But I determined to give him a fair trial. If  
I failed in this new way what was I to do?  
The thought of becoming the passive slave  
of a domestic tyrant was dreadful. I felt  
that I could not live in such a state. When  
Mr. Smith came home at dinner time I was  
in my chamber, ready prepared for a gush  
of tears. As he opened the door I looked  
up with streaming eyes, and then hid my  
face in a pillow.

"Mary," he said, with much kindness in  
his voice, "what ails you? Are you sick?"  
He laid his hand upon mine as he spoke.

But I did not reply. I meant to punish  
him well for what he had done as a lesson  
for the future. I next expected him to  
draw his arm around me, and be very  
tender and sympathizing in his words and  
tones. But no such thing! He quietly  
withdrew the hand he had placed upon  
mine; and stood by me, I could feel, though  
not see, in a cold, erect attitude.